

Casey hated to get up in the morning. He hid under his covers until the alarm rang. He hid under the covers until his mother came into the room. "Why do you hate to go to school?" his mother asked. Casey told his mother that he hated his classes and teachers. Casey did not tell his mother the real reason he hated to go to school. Casey hated having to face Butch every day at school. Butch was a kid in Casey's school. He was a strong kid with big muscles and a frown on his face. Butch had taken a dislike to Casey the first day of school. He talked about beating Casey up every day after school. Butch had not beaten Casey up yet. However, Casey dreaded the day when Butch would carry out his threat.

Casey walked to school, dragging his bookbag behind him. "Another day of facing Butch," Casey thought to himself. "I'll be glad when next year gets here and Butch will move up to the middle school." When Casey got to school, he saw Butch sitting by the front steps. Casey tried to hide in the middle of a group of kids going into the building. However, Butch spotted him in the crowd. "Hey, Casey, why don't you come over here so that I can beat you up?" yelled Butch. Casey hurried into the building. "Boy, I don't see how you stand him," said Casey's best friend Sam. "I can't take much more of Butch," Casey said.

That afternoon Casey and Sam walked out of the building toward home. They were going to play softball with some other kids down at the city park. As they walked home, they saw Butch standing on the sidewalk blocking their way. "Hey, Casey," yelled Butch, "I've been waiting for you." All of a sudden Casey saw red. He was tired of putting up with Butch's threats. Casey dropped his book bag and

lowered his head. With fists clenched he ran toward Butch. He rammed his head square into Butch's stomach. Butch lay on the ground and gasped with pain. He had not expected Casey to do that. Casey was proud of himself. He finally had stood up to Butch.

Casey walked up the steps to school the next morning with a grin on his face. Butch was sitting on the front steps with his friends. Butch looked at Casey out of the corner of his eye. Butch said, "Hi, Casey," but he did not say anything more. Casey knew that Butch would not bother him anymore.

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